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Just This Once

by [starknadke](#)

Summary

After Agent Daniel Sousa's help taking down Fenhoff, Jack gets the drink with the man he'd been wanting for a while now.

Is it the start of something more? (Oneshot. Takes place during/immediately after 1x08).

Sousa, don't let him talk – if he talks, you're dead.

Jack remembered saying those words. He hadn't known then what Fenhoff would say, what Fenhoff's spells, persuasions, even sounded like. But there he lay, slightly groggy on the floor, watching his partner, Daniel – that is, Agent Sousa, his mission partner – fall into a trace under Fenhoff's words. If he talks, you're dead, dammit!

Why, oh why hadn't Sousa just shot the man?

But Jack had been passed out when he had entered. And now, as he stirred awake, could only watch Daniel continue forward under the lull of Fenhoff's words.

“And now, point your gun at Agent Thompson,” he heard Fenhoff say as he struggled to rise.

If he talks, you're dead.

You too, Sousa had responded.

Shit.

This was far, far from ideal.

Jack watched as Sousa pointed his gun towards him – and so, away from Fenhoff. Jack wasn't even sure what the hell Fenhoff was doing – he was just talking for goodness sakes! But it was working.

Had he really been so mean to Daniel that his subconscious would allow him to shoot? He hadn't meant to be mean, mean. More playful? Like a boss? He knew he could be a Jack-ass sometime but gee, he had done his best. He had even tried to get Daniel to share a drink with him on multiple occasions. But Daniel had declined.

Really, Jack hadn't meant to be horrible to Daniel Sousa. Just the opposite! Jack had just been trying to obscure any look in his eyes that might let Sousa – or anyone know...

Sousa's eyes were intense, now, as he pointed the gun at Jack.

"Sousa..." Jack said, hands in the air. "Look at me – don't listen to him."

What could he say to break his friend out of a trance that would kill them both? Jack's mind was racing as Fenhoff continued talking.

"Excellent. Focus," Fenhoff was urging. "Shoot him," he said, softly, dangerously.

"No -!" Jack said, desperate. "You snap out of it!" He locked eyes with Sousa. Had he reached him, or should he say something more? Would it hurt to tell him – "Daniel, listen, I've been meaning, well, I like you. What I mean is--"

But he trailed off as Daniel Sousa looked away from him, and towards Fenhoff.

-- Did --- did he listen to me? *Did he know?* Jack wondered.

And then, he watched Daniel hit Fenhoff upside the head. As Fenhoff fell to the ground, Jack fell back to the floor in relief, only to watch as Daniel pulled out a couple of earplugs.

"Was he saying something?" he asked Jack, smiling.

So he hadn't heard anything. Jack took a couple deep breaths, before deciding on "You son of a bitch."

Daniel – Sousa – laughed. That laugh. Jack couldn't help but smile, too. And for a moment, they were smiling at each other. Jack shook his head and looked towards the ground.

"Are you gonna help me get this asshole up?" Daniel asked.

Jack coughed, hopping right up. "Um, of course," he said, as 'normally' as he could muster.

As they hauled Fenhoff into the car, Jack decided to try once more. "Hey Sousa," he said, as he started to drive. "After we drop this guy off... wanna buy me a drink?"

"I save your life and you want *me* to buy *you* a drink?" Sousa nearly scoffed. "You're ridiculous, man."

“I mean –“ Jack sputtered. “Hey, I’ll buy you one. Just this once.”

Daniel eyed him. “Alright, Thompson. Just this once.”

“Remember, just this once,” Jack said, as he paid the tab on his and Daniel’s drinks. Immediately after saying it, he chided himself internally. He didn’t want it to be a one time thing, their getting drinks. “But, uh, you’re of course welcome to buy me a drink or two any time.”

“Mmhmm,” Daniel hummed almost sarcastically as he sipped from his glass.

“Should I drive you home?” Jack offered.

“I can –“ Daniel sighed. “Sure, Thompson, sir,” he said.

“Call me Jack.”

Jack realized he had spoke without even thinking. “Outside of work, I mean.”

“Okay, Jack,” Daniel smiled after finishing his drink. “But just this once.”

Jack hopped out of the car to open Daniel’s door for him. It felt like the right thing to do, but Daniel was already up and out.

“No need to walk me to my door, Jack,” Daniel said, emphasizing the *Jack*.

“I insist –“ Jack said. “After tonight. Brings back some ... memories, you know how it is.”

Daniel looked solemn, before nodding.

They walked silently to together until they reached a door. Then they both paused.

“Well,” Daniel started. Jack had seemed at a loss for words all night. Daniel was worried about him. But he’d had a good time. “This is it,” he said.

“Right. Sorry, it’s –“ Jack paused. Then he smiled again. A small smile – but a smile nonetheless. Daniel could make it out under the lamplight. “I had a good time, Sousa,” he said.

“Daniel,” Daniel corrected. “Outside of the office.” He smiled, and Jack exhaled as his smile grew bigger.

And then it faded, as their faces moved closer together ---

Did they kiss?

As Jack pulled away, he was unsure.

Daniel looked slightly unsure too, but there was a smile there. He seemed to be waiting for Jack to say something.

Jack coughed and looked away. “It’s – well,”

“It’s been an emotional night, sir,” Daniel tried.

“I’m sorry –“

“Don’t be.”

Jack looked back at Daniel, who met his eyes.

“Just this once,” he said.

“Just this once,” Daniel repeated.

“Only outside of the office.”

“Just outside of the office. Of course.”

“Of course.” He paused, straightened himself. “Not a word –“

“Of course.”

Jack took a breath and looked around before looking back at Daniel. “Well, I’ll see you in the office on Monday,” he said, stiffening and stepping away.

Sousa stiffened too, bidding Jack a good-bye and turning to open the door to his home.

Halfway down the pavement, Jack turned back towards his mission partner.

“Sousa,” he called. Sousa turned his head back towards Thompson. “Thank you again. For tonight. You know.”

Sousa nodded, and headed in.

Jack strolled back to his car, slowly and starry-eyed, wondering if perhaps Monday would be different.

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